

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 522.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1827.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, &c., in the Year 1824. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. 4to. pp. 338. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

If soldiers go on writing in this way, literary men had better begin to think what they may do by turning soldiers. Not that we are afraid, ourselves, for they must obtain a high rank before they can pretend to direct a Review; but it is for our brethren, who only emit volumes occasionally, that we are alarmed, when within one short month we have to report on two such works as those of Major Snodgrass and Captain Keppel.

The author, it appears from the dedication to his father, is a son of the Earl of Albemarle,* and with that spirit which naturally ought to belong to young and noble blood, he, having served in India, resolved to return home by the overland route laid down in the title-page. Now, though this road has of late years been not unfrequently travelled; and though we have a number of excellent works† upon its antiquities, aspects, accidents, the native population through which it passes, &c. &c., it is by no means yet so hackneyed as most other tours with which we are acquainted. Indeed, any person of a quick and lively imagination, of acute intelligence, and competent to describe what he saw, (in short, any person resembling our author) may go over the same ground even after him, and produce not one but many agreeable, entertaining, and instructive volumes like that now before us, than which we have not for a long while met with a more unaffected, sensible, and agreeable narrative. But it will further be observed, in the course of this paper, that Captain Keppel deviated very considerably from the beaten track, and visited scenes and countries of unusual European inspection, and high and novel interest.

In January 1824, in company with Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, Mr. Lamb, and Captain Hart, (all of whom had joined him in his plan, and were, as it appears, meet and delightful associates on such an undertaking), our author sailed from Bombay, in the Alligator, for Bussorah; that ship having the strangely-mingled cargo of passengers which is generally found in such voyages. They arrived safely at Bussorah; and the journal there;—thence

to Bagdad;—across the desert to Babylon;—return to Bagdad;—thence to Kermanshah, and so to Hamadan (supposed the ancient Ecbatana)—is replete with curious and amusing circumstances, to which we shall revert hereafter, being desirous, in the first instance, to lay before our readers the account of the funeral obsequies paid to a Persian prince,—thank our national character! so different from those which on the day this is published will be paid to a prince of Britain.

At Kermanshah the funeral procession for the interment of the late ruler, Mohumud Ali,* one of the shah's sons, who had died two years before, took place while our countrymen were in that city. This prince had created an order of knighthood, “the insignia of which are a star, with the curious device of two lions fighting for the Persian crown. This order was instituted by the king's eldest son, Mohumud Ali Meerza (the late prince governor of this country), and derives its origin from the following circumstance:—Some years since, the present king, in conformity to one of the most ancient laws of Persia, assembled his sons for the purpose of nominating a successor to the throne, on the event of his death. Abbas Meerza, the king's second son, was promised this high dignity. All the princes present bowed in obedience to the declaration of the royal will, with the exception of Mohumud Ali Meerza, who alone stood erect. Unawed by the presence of his father and sovereign, he refused to acknowledge the decree. His resistance to the royal mandate was conveyed in the following bold and energetic language: “May God preserve the king of kings; but if my brother and myself should have the misfortune to survive your majesty,” (and he half unsheathed his sword as he finished the sentence,) “this shall decide the accession to the throne.” The two warlike brothers nodded mutual defiance, and were, up to the period of Mohumud Ali's death, open and avowed enemies.” [The king himself, it seems, sanctioned this institution, though so openly in opposition to his declared will!]

“Mohumud Ali (the author further relates) is generally considered to have been the most warlike prince of the present (Kajar) dynasty. His memory is held in the highest veneration by the tribes over whom he ruled. A man who could lead his followers to conquest and plunder must have been acceptable to these wild mountaineers, who had inherited a thirst for rapine from a long line of predatory ancestors.”

The ceremony of his funeral, as arranged by his son and successor, is thus described:—

“For the last two days, guns had been fired at intervals, preparatory to the removal of the late prince's corpse for interment at Meshed Ali. This morning being appointed for the setting out of the cortege, we put crape on our left arms and sword-hilts, and mounting our

horses, set off at an early hour, anxious to witness the novel ceremony of a prince's funeral procession two years after his decease. As our eagerness to be in time brought us out much sooner than was necessary, we dismounted in a garden near the road-side, and whiled away a couple of hours in observing the various chatting parties around us, all dressed in black, their merry faces being somewhat curiously contrasted with their mournful garb. Our attention to these groups was diverted by the appearance of a blind horseman of about sixty years of age; he was attended by a train of servants, one of whom held the rein of his bridle: upon inquiry, we learned that he was a counsellor of the prince's, by name Hassan Khan, to which was added the epithet of Khoord (the Blind), to distinguish him from the numerous courtiers of the same name. In the brief interval of anarchy that, according to custom, followed the death of the late king,—Hassan Khan, at the head of what forces he could collect, became a competitor for the crown; but being conquered, was deprived of sight by order of his more successful rival. A sudden discharge of cannon, followed by loud shrieks and lamentations, announced to us that the prince had left the palace with the body of his father. We took our station near the gates of the town, ready to fall in with the procession. Near this place, riding a handsome charger, was Nasir Ali Meerza, the youngest son of the late prince, a pretty boy of about five years old. His little highness was attended by a piny train of courtiers of his own age and size, who seemed as well versed in the art of rendering homage, as their little lord and master was in receiving it; as for himself, he appeared to be quite indifferent either to the noise of the crowd or the occasion of it, all the time preserving a serious and dignified demeanour; and, as we approached him, he returned our salute with the easy air of one long accustomed to this sort of attention. But—little highnesses are always great people. The Duc de Bourdeaux, a boy of the same age as the young Persian, when he reviewed his troops, was graciously pleased to compliment them on their skill in military evolutions; and the King of Rome, just escaped from the go-cart, reviewed the marshals of France with that precocious dignity so inherent in royal progenies. In the meanwhile, the procession issued slowly out of the town, led by the artisans: each craft had with it a black banner, and a horse equipped in the same mournful trappings. Next came two men renowned for their strength, carrying a large brass ornament representing a palm-tree. After them two hundred Cordish soldiers, who were to escort the corpse to Meshed Ali: they wore blue jackets, cut in the European fashion, and the rest of their dress was according to the costume of the country. The escort was preceded by a corps of drums and fies, playing a variety of tunes, principally English: ‘Rule Britannia’ was one; and there were several country dances. After the military, came the representatives of

* We observe, from an elegant *Annual Peering of the British Empire*, in two small volumes, just published by Mr. Sams, (and which we take this opportunity of noticing as apparently so carefully corrected, clearly arranged, and handsomely printed and ornamented, as to be well fitted for the book-case, toilet, or drawing-room table), that Captain Keppel is the second surviving son of the noble earl, and was born in June 1780, so that he was twenty-five years of age when he made this journey. It also appears, from his volume, that he was educated at Westminster, and served as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings in India. He certainly reflects honour both on his school and on the military service.

† Witness Malcolm's, Morier's, Riches', Sir R. Ker Porter's, Colonel Finlay's, Colonel Johnson's, &c. &c.

* The body is carried to Meshed Ali, a sacred place of sepulture at a considerable distance, and the way so beset with perils, that a large force is often necessary to protect the procession.

the church—a large body of mounted Moolahs (priests), headed by their Bashee (chief), a jolly, drunken-looking fellow, who, with a voice amounting to a scream, recited verses from a Koran, in which he was joined by his followers, who made the air resound with their vociferous lamentations. Behind them was the corpse of Mohumud Ali Meerza, borne by two mules, in that sort of covered litter called in Persian a *tukhte ruwam*. Immediately behind the corpse were Mohumud Hosein, the ruling prince, and two of his brothers; the principal officers of the court closed the procession. At intervals the cavalcade stopped, when every one, baring his breast, struck it so violently with his hand, that the flesh bore visible marks of the severity of the discipline: at these times the shouts were redoubled, and tears flowed copiously from every eye. Large groups of women, veiled from head to foot, and huddled together almost into shapeless heaps, were seated on each side of the road, and were by no means the least silent mourners of the party. We fell in with the French officers* in rear of the troops; two or three chiefs were in the same line with us. Immediately on my right was a handsome young man, whose eyes were red with weeping. He had been a favourite follower of the late prince, for whom he had entertained a most sincere attachment; and I was beginning to sympathise with him in his sorrows, when it was insinuated that it was just possible, wine, and not grief, had caused his tears to flow—a surmise that his subsequent behaviour in some degree warranted. After proceeding about a mile, we quitted the procession, and, halting on one side of the road, waited till the prince had given us the *merkhush*, or permission to depart. His eyes were much inflamed, and tears chased each other down his cheeks. Thus far the ceremonial of grief had been conducted with the greatest propriety; and any one witnessing the mournful demeanour of the prince this morning, would have been impressed with a high opinion of his filial piety. The day closed on a scene of a very different description. The funeral procession arrived at Mahidesht near sunset, when his highness ordered the caravanserai to be cleared of its inmates; and, taking with him several boon companions, this sorrowing son passed the night in drinking and singing, determined to keep his father's wake in the true Irish fashion, and, if any grief or care remained, to drown it in the bowl. The following morning, these merry mourners remounted their horses, and reached Kermanshah without accident; though the prince was so intoxicated, that on arriving at the palace-gate he fell off his horse into the arms of his attendants, and was by them conveyed to his own apartment in a state of drunken insensibility. Foremost on the list of persons selected by his highness to assist him in the celebration of these funeral orgies, was the Moolahi Bashee, once his tutor, and now his associate in every species of debauchery. He who as chief of the religion had, in the day, with weeping eyes and melancholy howl, sung the requiem to the soul of the father, was, in the night, administering spiritual consolation to that of the son. He who, in the morning, chanted verses from that book which inculcates wine as an abomination, was in the evening so overcome by its influence as to be scarcely able to hiccup out the licentious songs of his country. The person from whom we received this

* Of these gentlemen we shall render an account very honourable to them in another Gazette.

information was likewise one of the party; no other than Suleiman Khan, the chieftain whose grief had attracted my attention at the funeral. We were sitting after dinner in the evening, when this person, in the same 'suit of solemn black' as of the preceding day, staggered into the room. Interrupting his relation here and there with an occasional roar of laughter, he described to us those scenes of revelry of which he had been so willing a participator. Suleiman Khan, surnamed Kuruzungeer, is chief of a tribe of twelve thousand Coords, the best foot-soldiers in the Persian dominions. They are not Mahometans, but of a peculiar sect called Ali Illahi, that is, Ali is of God. They acknowledge Christ as the Messiah, but believe that he appeared on earth a second time in the person of Ali. They practise circumcision, but not as a religious rite. As dissenters from the established religion of a country are generally viewed with more dislike than those who deny its tenets altogether, so these believers in Ali are held in greater abhorrence, by his other disciples, than either Jews or Christians.—Our anxiety to proceed homewards induced us to decline a very pressing solicitation from Suleiman, to visit him in his own country, which I now much regret, as this tribe is described as having many curious customs that would have amply repaid our inquiries. Although Suleiman Khan holds a despotic sway over his own tribe, it has not exempted him from the casualties incidental to the follower of a Persian court. By Mohumud Ali Meerza he was condemned to death for an unsuccessful attack on a fort, and only pardoned at the intercession of Monsieur de Veaux. By order of the ruling prince he was so severely bastinadoed as to be unable to walk for six weeks. Thus, with the vicissitudes of an oriental life, this mighty despot of a tribe becomes the unfortunate victim of a torture, inflicted at the will or caprice of one who, the moment before, was the social partner of his revels."

Another of the courtiers of this young and promising scion of royalty is a striking character. "His name," we are told, "was Moolah Ali, an Arab, though he wore the Persian dress; one with whom murder and every other crime had long been familiar. There was nothing, however, in his appearance to justify this supposition, nor in his features could there be distinguished any of those marks with which our romance-writers are wont to stamp the countenance of a murderer. On the contrary, his mild eye beamed with intelligence when he spoke, and his mouth was lighted up with so pleasing a smile, that the diabolical matter of his speech was often lost in attending to the pleasing manner of his delivery. Like many an Asiatic I have seen, his countenance was so entirely at variance with his conduct, as to set at naught all the boasted science of a physiognomist; his manners were remarkably captivating, and possessed that easy polish for which the natives of these countries are so remarkable. His conscience never troubled him with 'air-drawn daggers'; he had a real one in his girdle, to be used as inclination prompted. Not many weeks before we saw this Moolah, he was one of the principal persons of Mendali, a Turkish town near the frontier. In those days he was the bosom friend of Davoud Pasha, 'his best of cut-throats' and most willing instrument of assassination. It was during his intimacy with the Pasha, that, on the day of some religious festival, he invited sixteen persons to a feast, and placing a confidential agent between each guest, caused every one of them to be put

to death, himself giving the signal of slaughter by plunging a dagger into the breast of the person beside him. Such feats as these we may find in the histories of savage countries. Among all barbarians, the virtue of hospitality, so vaunted, has rarely, if ever, withstood the excitement of revenge or avarice. It is natural to suppose that a friendship between two such persons as the Moolah and the Pasha, cemented as it was by guilt, could not be of long duration; accordingly we soon find these brethren in iniquity the most deadly foes; each beginning to exercise on the kindred what he could not effect on the head of the family. Seventy of the Moolah's relations have fallen victims to the revenge of the Pasha; his father is chained in a prison in Bagdad, and ten thousand plasters are set upon his own head. In the mean time, he has not been backward in retaliation. Leaving the town of Mendali, attended by several of his tribe, he sallied forth into the Desert, attacked the Turkish caravans, and (to use his own expression) struck off, at every opportunity, the heads of all those wearing turbans. The women of the party fell victims to the licentious passions of himself and followers, and other brutal excesses were committed by these ruffians, that would scarcely be credited in our own country. Observing us listen with much interest to this detail of crime, and taking for granted that our attention was a mark of sympathy, he said, with an air of gratitude, 'How kind it is of you to enter so warmly into my pursuits!' During our stay at Kermanshah we were in daily intercourse with this accomplished villain, who upon most subjects possessed a degree of information far beyond the generality of his countrymen. Of his deeds and projects he always spoke with the most unblushing effrontery, telling us that his schemes of plunder were only suspended till the remains of Mohumud Ali Meerza should be safely deposited in the holy burying-ground. Any act of hostility committed by him while a retainer of the court, would probably be retaliated by some insult to the corpse; and this would make the prince his enemy, with whom it was so much his interest to keep on good terms; 'but,' added he, 'that business once settled, Alla grant that the Pasha may fall into my hands, and then I will tear out his heart and drink his blood.' On our first salutation in a morning he would always repeat the words 'Inshallah Pasha,' (God willing, the Pasha,) supplying the rest of the sentence by significantly passing his finger across his throat. We one day asked the Moolah how he generally deprived his enemies of life? 'That,' replied he, 'is as I can catch them. Some I have killed in battle, others I have stabbed sleeping.' Another time we had the curiosity to examine his pistols, which, we had often remarked, were studded with several red nails. On inquiring the reason, he told us that each nail was to commemorate the death of some enemy who had fallen by that weapon."

No wonder that with such comparisons we should read of deeds of vile debauchery in which the Prince of Kermanshah revelled, not different from those indescribable abominations to which we have alluded in our Review of the Memoir of the Asiatic Emperor Baber, his predecessor by some hundreds of years, and which continue to mark the obscene manners of these demoralised occupants of the lowliest quarter of the globe.

As the interesting portion of this volume which refers to the shores of the Caspian, would lead us into too much detail (for our

Present No.), we shall, without tracing the author's steps, content ourselves with one other remarkable extract, describing his visit to a Fire-Temple of the Guebres, near Bakoo, a Russian station on the western coast of that inland sea.

"On the site of the modern town, once stood a city, celebrated in the times of the Guebres for its sacred temples, on the altars of which blazed perpetual flames of fire, produced by ignited naphtha. To this place thousands of pilgrims paid their annual visit, till the second expedition of Heraclius against the Persians, when he wintered in these plains, and destroyed the temples of the Magi. The fire which fed these altars continues to burn, and a temple is still inhabited by pilgrims, who, though not Guebres, still pay their adorations to the holy flames. To witness this, I had diverged so great a distance from the usual route of travellers returning through Persia to Europe.

"July 6.—I left Bakoo early this morning, attended by my servant and a Cossack. Sixteen miles north-east of the town, on the extremity of the peninsula of Abosharon, I came, after ascending a hill, in sight of the object of my curiosity. The country around is an arid rock. Enclosed within a pentagonal wall, and standing nearly in the centre of the court, is the fire-temple, a small square building with three steps leading up to it from each face. Three bells of different sizes are suspended from the roof. At each corner is a hollow column, higher than the surrounding buildings, from the top of which issues a bright flame; a large fire of ignited naphtha is burning in the middle of the court, and outside several places are in flames. The pentagon, which on the outside forms the wall, comprises in the interior nineteen small cells, each inhabited by a devotee. On approaching the temple, I immediately recognised, by the features of the pilgrims, that they were Hindoos, and not Persian fire-worshippers, as I had been taught to expect. Some of them were preparing food. I was much amused at the surprise they shewed on hearing me converse in Hindostany. The language they spoke was so mixed up with the corrupt dialect of the Tartars, that I had some difficulty in understanding them. I dismounted from my horse, and gave it in charge to the Cossack, whom they would not allow to enter the temple, giving, somewhat inconsistently, as a reason, that he was an infidel. I followed one of the pilgrims, who first took me into a cell where a Brahmin, for so his thread proclaimed him, was engaged in prayer. The constitutional apathy of the Indian was strongly marked in the reception this man gave me. The appearance of an armed European, it would be supposed, would have alarmed one of his timid caste; he testified, however, neither fear nor surprise, but continued his devotions, with his eyes fixed on the wall, not deigning to honour me with a look till his prayers were over, when he calmly and civilly bade me welcome to his poor retreat. My first acquaintance and the Brahmin then accompanied me round the other cells, which were whitewashed, and remarkably clean. In one of them was the officiating priest of the Viragee caste. This faquir wore only a small cloth round his loins; he held a piece of red silk in his right hand, and wore on his head a cap of tiger's skin: this is, I believe, emblematical of the life of the wearer, who, on leaving the society of man, is supposed to have recourse to the skins of wild beasts for a covering. In a small recess stood a figure

of Vishnoo, and near it one of Hunoomaun,

Whom India serves, the monkey deity."

"My acquaintance with their deities seemed to please them much: one of them said, 'You know our religion so well, that I need not tell you where you ought, or ought not to go.' While I was here another Viragee came in: he was a stout, well-looking man, with matted locks and shaggy beard, and covered with a coarse camel-hair cloth; his body was tattooed all over with the figure of Vishnoo. On entering the temple, he prostrated himself before the image. The priest then put into his hands a small quantity of oil, part of which he swallowed, and rubbed the rest on his hair. This man was once a Sepoy in the Indian army, and had been an orderly to a Colonel Howard in the time of Lord Cornwallis: he was the only man who seemed to have any acquaintance with the English. I was informed, that there is a constant succession of pilgrims, who come from different parts of India, and relieve each other every two or three years in watching the holy flame. This rule does not apply to the pundit, or chief, who remains for life. They spoke of their present chief as a man of great learning and piety: as they wished me very much to converse with him, I accompanied them to his cell, which was locked: they told me that he was either at prayers or asleep, but no one offered to disturb him. Of the pilgrims present, five were Brahmins, seven Viragees, five Sunapeys, and two Yogees. They spoke favourably of the Russians, but with more rancour against the Mahometans than is usual amongst Hindoos for those of a different persuasion. They said that Nadir Shah treated their predecessors with great cruelty; impaling them, and putting them to several kinds of tortures. All these faquirs were very civil and communicative, with the exception of one Viragee, the severest caste of Indian ascetics: he was quite a Diogenes in his way; and when asked to accompany me, called out that it was no business of his. Outside the temple is a well: I tasted the water, which was strongly impregnated with naphtha. A pilgrim covered this well over with two or three nummuds for five minutes; he then warned every one to go to a distance, and threw in a lighted straw; immediately a large flame issued forth, the noise and appearance of which resembled the explosion of a tumbril. The pilgrims wished me to stay till dark to see the appearance at night; but the bright prospect of home in the distance got the better of curiosity, and made me hurry forward. I passed several villages, the inhabitants of which were employed in collecting black and white naphtha, and arrived at a Cossack station in the evening."

We need hardly say that we shall resume the analysis of this pleasant volume in our next *Gazette*.

German Romance. Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices. By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and Author of the Life of Schiller. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1827, W. Tait; London, C. Tait.

THE love of the marvellous, the horrible, and the amusing, is so deeply implanted—and these in their several charms have such ample scope in the records of German invention—that we do not wonder at either the multitude of readers or translators. Within the last two years,

no fewer than six different collections have appeared. Great variety, and their novelty, gave zest to a series in four volumes; northern legends rather than exclusively of Germany: these were followed by a small volume, one of the first in which Paul Richter was found: a higher literary stand was then assumed, more careful selection was professed, biographical and critical notices affixed, and men of acknowledged talent took upon them the pleasant office of giving us a more intimate and veritable acquaintance with our neighbours. The three principal translators have been but lately before us, aided by Cruickshank's humorous engravings. Mr. Sonne's volumes bade fair to rebut much of the too general accusation against German tales being but those of horror. Mr. Roscoe's was a work of great research—but, perhaps, for that very reason less acceptable to general readers; his tales contained rather the material for romance writers, than the amusement of romance readers. In excellence of selection, and perfect acquaintance with his subject, Mr. Gillies, who came next, was the very model of a translator. Still, much remained to be done; and the author of the present volume has found very sufficient space for the exertion of the talent and industry which his pages display. He has ventured into, perhaps, less certainly popular paths of our neighbours' literature: and we much doubt (indeed we could not wish) our English taste becoming reconciled to the sentimentality (with all its poetry) of Richter, or the mysterious mysticism of Wilhelm Meister. Still these are works we like to see translated, as without them our knowledge is most imperfect; vivid pictures of mental dreams, we must also add mental workings, they display the exercise of mind differing from our own, yet most worthy of attention. We should not, however, do the translator justice, did we not, in pointing out these parts of his work as containing matter of curious reflection, also say how much of amusement this novel trader to the great mart of romance has brought for home consumption. Uslanga's Knight is a beautiful fiction, full of poetry; and the following tale is, we hope, wonderful and pretty enough to please our readers.

"By way of introduction, let me confess, that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth I was no first-rate economist; and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it: but the scale I went upon was too liberal; and after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the Diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot. Like a gay young blade, it had been from of old my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced. One night at dusk, as I was entering the post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach, with four horses, rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round; and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in any thing. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. 'O yes!' said she, 'if you will lift that little

box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in: but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least.' I took out the box with great care; she shut the coach-door; we walked up stairs together; and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night. We were now alone in the chamber: she desired me to put the box on the table which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand. 'Order supper for us two,' said she then: and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-glance on landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served: we took our seats opposite each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal; and no less with so desirable a sight beside me; nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment. Her conversation was pleasant; yet she carefully waved whatever had reference to affection and love. The cloth was removed: I still lingered, I tried all sorts of manoeuvres to get near her; but in vain; she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity which I could not withstand; nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour. After a night passed in waking or unreflectingly dreaming, I rose early; inquired whether she had ordered horses; and learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery, and audacity, all at once started into motion within me: I rushed towards her, and clasped her in my arms. 'Angelic, irresistible being,' cried I, 'pardon! but it is impossible!'—With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. 'Forbear such outbursts of a sudden foolish passion,' said she, 'if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials.' 'Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit!' cried I: 'but do not drive me to despair.' She answered with a smile: 'If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do, but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out; to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property, that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim.' 'I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart: I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so; and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take; the places where I was to wait, and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do.

On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up: I found the chamber empty; only the box standing on the table where I had laid it. The carriage drove up; I carried the box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked, 'Where is the lady, then?' A child answered, 'She is gone into the town.' I nodded to the people; and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward; passed several stages without alighting; and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed; the box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it, for such also had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded. For a while I was able to employ myself with thinking of her; but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions; these I soon found, at tables-d'hôte, in coffee-houses, and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living my money began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse, in a fit of passionate gaming, which I had not had the prudence to abandon. Void of money; with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges; uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her; and believe that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live. After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well-bolted door which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key; but the door-leaves fly up of themselves; and in the splendour of those burning wax-lights enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands; she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her; but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. 'It is pardonable,' said she; 'only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world, before we can meet again. Here is more money,' continued she, 'sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes.' She retired over the threshold; the door-leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated; but nothing farther stirred. Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled, and said: 'So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you; but now we have seen your treasure walking

down stairs; and in good truth, it seemed worthy of being well kept.' To this I answered nothing; but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour; for while they still kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after the other; and I, being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straight forward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count; I accurately marked the sum; and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water; of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing; as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of the property of being uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on: I could not draw back; and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situation; upbraided my fair friend, for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offence that she did not again shew herself to me; renounced, in my spleen, all duties towards her; and resolved to break open the box, and see if peradventure any help might be found there. I was just about proceeding with my purpose; but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure; and, in the meantime, I hastened off to a banquet, for which this was the appointed hour. Here again we got into a high key; the wine and trumpet-sounding had flushed me not a little, when, by the most villainous luck, it chanced, that during the dessert, a former friend of my dearest fair one, returning from a journey, entered unexpectedly, placed himself beside her, and, without much ceremony, set about asserting his old privileges. Hence, very soon arose ill-humour, quarrelling, and battle: we plucked out our spits; and I was carried home half-dead of several wounds. The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away: it was far in the night; my sick-nurse had fallen asleep; the door of the side-room went up; my fair mysterious friend came in, and sat down by me on the bed. She asked how I was: I answered not, for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy; she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened, so strengthened that I could now get angry and upbraid her. In a violent speech, I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her; on the passion she had inspired me with; on her appearing and vanishing; and the tedium, the longing which in such a case I could not but feel. I waxed more and more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on; and I swore to her at last, that if she would not be mine, would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer; to all which I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my

double and triple bandages, in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was my amazement, when I found all my wounds healed, my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms! Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other, without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me: and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage; the little box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I now think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes; and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require; I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors. So long as aught remained in my purse, I had continued to pay; but when my cash went down, I signified, the fact to her. 'That is easily helped,' said she, pointing to a couple of little pouches fixed, at the top, to the side of the carriage. These I had often observed before, but never turned to use. She put her hand into the one, and pulled out some gold pieces, as from the other some coins of silver; thereby shewing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure which we might choose to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land, contented with each other and with the world; and I fancied not that she would again leave me; the less so, that for some time she had evidently been as loving wives wish to be,—a circumstance by which our happiness and mutual affection was increased still farther. But one morning, alas! she could not be found; and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again took the road with my box; tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired. My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark; and when the lamps, by any chance, went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once in the dead of such a night I had fallen asleep, and on awakening I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head; I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise, when a fair apartment, well lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection, just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an arm-chair. I held my breath, and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife, though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and in the course of her movements, I could clearly

perceive that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my constrained posture a little; and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness. How amazed, nay, terrified I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this, I fell asleep; and on awakening, I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread. After some time she did in fact re-appear: one evening, in a white robe, she came gliding in; and as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last; and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increase in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew, as usual, to my arms; but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast. 'My dearest,' said she, 'I now feel by thy reception of me, what, alas! I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim; thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself; thy happiness and mine is interrupted, nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee; and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again.' Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which indeed had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental; in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me. 'Try thyself strictly,' said she, 'whether this discovery has not hurt thy love, whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee, whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection.' I looked at her; she was fairer than ever; and I thought within myself: Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gaiety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. 'Best heart,' said I, 'let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy convenience; and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And after all it was but a picture, a little sleight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me; but thou shalt see how I will stand it.' 'The matter is more serious than thou thinkest,' said the fair one; 'however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee; and for my own part do my utmost: only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer, likewise, I most earnestly make to thee: be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger.' I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths; but she her-

self turned aside the conversation; and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence; the town was large, the society various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden-festival."

We are sorry to be obliged to break off, like the old Romancers, in the midst of such a tale; but the printer tells us that five or six columns more is impossible—till next week, when we shall conclude it.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor. 12mo.
pp. 371. London, 1827. Colburn.

THERE is a considerable quantum of talent and much acute observation in these pages; some of the sketches are humorous, others very just pictures; yet, as a whole, we must say no part of the book comes up to the brevity of the title-page. It is too verbose, too desultory; and its hero is too thoroughly miserable, too revolting a portrait of human weakness, not to make laughter somewhat an offence against humanity, and sympathy with one so ludicrous out of the question. The most interesting part is that of the Bachelor's earlier life, and we do believe his account of childish days to be that of a most faithful and frequent state of childish feelings. All the love history is bad; we recognise the truth of nothing which he advances, and have neither sighs nor smiles to bestow. We shall throw together a few chance extracts: these will, we think, shew a degree of mind, which, while it requires cultivation and compression, has that in it to deserve both.

"Now, there are few things which I dislike more in children, and young people who are growing up, than conceit; but still it is better to be too confident than over-diffident. Your friends around you can never in the one case be afraid of hurting you by any remarks which they may make on you personally, or on any one like you. In the other case, they are perpetually keeping guard over every syllable that drops from their lips—a state of constraint little better than the rack: they do so, because they are unwilling to annoy the parents of the shy child, by hurting the feelings of the child himself. Again; a confident child will undertake much more, and, consequently, will do much more, than a backward child. The one will chatter away, and gain some little usage of the world and manners, some little intimacy with society and its forms; the other will remain ice-bound, and in comparative barbarism—reluctant to court humanization. The one will not hesitate to get up and dance when he is bid, or shew his steps, or make any display for the amusement of the company; the other will scarcely know the use of his limbs, except to hurry out of the sight of those in whose dreadful presence he stands. But an unhappy condition of awkwardness of this sort is entirely owing to those whose office it is to educate a child.

"By myself, I could learn quickly, repeat clearly, conceive even brilliantly; but when I was called upon in the face of nine or ten boys to utter what I had learned, to express what my notion was of the force of such and such a passage,—that sad and unhappy diffidence which was my constant bane, would rise to overwhelm me, to extinguish the spark within, that might, had it been properly fostered, have been taught to kindle forth and dazzle others; I would stand mute, with my head down, pinching the corner of my book; set down for a fool by my master, and by all the boys in the class besides. Hence was it, that I did not do so much as

many boys very inferior to myself. In fact, I am confident that thousands of dunces have prospered well, have flourished, have gained even a reputation for talent, by the aid of merely a good share of assurance.

"Discontent seldom troubles men of common minds; at least not in the same degree as it does those of more exalted capacities and more exquisite sensibilities. The ordinary, practical man has a limited number of feelings, a few staple ideas, which is the sum of all that he ever entertains; he pursues a straight, beaten path, and nothing has power to turn aside his attention, either to the right or to the left.

"All women, almost, are captivated by talent; especially those for whose pleasure, in particular, its possessor may exert it. Nothing can be more delightful to them, because nothing can be more flattering; and flattery is the key to all hearts. Want of handsome person, or even of good looks, is for the most part forgotten, willingly pardoned, in the man of talent. The eye of woman does not require to be dazzled, as well as her mind; (I speak of general instances). The same cannot be said with respect to virtuous qualities. In so much higher esteem does human vanity hold talent than virtue. Good looks, combined with rapid intellect, will win few women, unless they are equally rapid with the object of their admiration."

These remarks are excellent, for they are true; but occasionally well-expressed thoughts will not alone make either the amusement or the interest of a book,—and it is in both these that the present volume is deficient. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing both our admiration of, and our concurrence in, the sentiments expressed in the essay on capital punishment.

Memoirs of the Emperor Baber.

Or the adventures of our recent acquaintance the *Tiger*, we shall this week have room for but a few passages: they are, however, curious and characteristic.

Sheibani Khan having soon after he took it (see our last), besieged him in Samarkand, he made a brave defence, the details of which are amusing to read, but was finally compelled to abandon the city and flee for his life. The finale is related in a piquant way:—

"The famine and distress of the town's-people and soldiers had now reached the greatest excess. Even men who were about my person, and others high in my confidence, began to let themselves down over the walls and make their escape. Of the chiefs, Weis Sheikh and Weis Baberi deserted and fled. I now despaired of assistance or relief from any quarter. There was no side to which I could look with hope. Our provisions and stores, which from the first had been scanty, were now totally exhausted, and no new supplies could enter the city. In these circumstances, Sheibani Khan proposed terms. Had I had the slightest hopes of relief, or had any stores remained within the place, never would I have listened to him. Compelled, however, by necessity, a sort of capitulation was agreed upon, and about midnight I left the place by Sheikh-Zadeh's gate, accompanied by my mother the Khanum. Two other ladies escaped with us, the one of them Bechega Khalifeh, the other Mingelik Gokul-tish: my eldest sister Khanzideh Begum was intercepted, and fell into the hands of Sheibani Khan, as we left the place on this occasion. Having entangled ourselves among the great

branches of the canals of the Soghd, during the darkness of the night, we lost our way, and after encountering many difficulties, we passed Khwajeh Didar about dawn. By the time of early morning prayers, we arrived at the hillock of Karbogh, and passing it on the north below the village of Kherdek, we made for Ilan-ati. On the road, I had a race with Kamber Ali and Kasim Beg. My horse got the lead. As I turned round on my seat to see how far I had left them behind, my saddle-girth being slack, the saddle turned round, and I came to the ground right on my head. Although I immediately sprung up and mounted, yet I did not recover the full possession of my faculties till the evening, and the world, and all that occurred at the time, passed before my eyes and apprehension like a dream or a phantasy, and disappeared. The time of afternoon prayers was past ere we reached Ilan-ati, where we alighted, and, having killed a horse, cut him up, and dressed slices of his flesh; we stayed a little time to rest our horses, then mounting again, before day-break we alighted at the village of Khalileh. From Khalileh we proceeded to Dizak. At that time, Taher Dildai, the son of Hafez Muhammed Beg Dildai, was governor of Dizak. Here we found nice fat flesh, bread of fine flour well baked, sweet melons, and excellent grapes in great abundance; thus passing from the extreme of famine to plenty, and from an estate of danger and calamity to peace and ease:—

(Turki).—From famine and distress we have escaped to repose.

We have gained fresh life, and a fresh world.

(Persian).—The fear of death was removed from the heart; The torments of hunger were removed away.

In my whole life, I never enjoyed myself so much, nor at any period of it felt so sensibly the pleasures of peace and plenty. Enjoyment after suffering, abundance after want, come with increased relish, and afford more exquisite delight. I have four or five times, in the course of my life, passed in a similar manner from distress to ease, and from a state of suffering to enjoyment: but this was the first time that I had ever been delivered from the injuries of my enemy and the pressure of hunger, and passed from them to the ease of security, and the pleasures of plenty."

"We took up our lodgings in the peasants' houses. I lived at the house of one of the head men of the place. He was an aged man, seventy or eighty years old. His mother was still alive, and had attained an extreme old age, being at this time a hundred and eleven years old. One of this lady's relations had accompanied the army of Taimur Beg, when it invaded Hindustan. The circumstances remained fresh in her memory, and she often told us stories on that subject. In the district of Dehkat alone, there still were of this lady's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, to the number of ninety-six persons; and including those deceased, the whole amounted to two hundred. One of her great-grandchildren was at this time a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with a fine black beard. While I remained in Dehkat, I was accustomed to walk on foot all about the hills in the neighbourhood. I generally went out barefoot, and, from this habit of walking barefoot, I soon found that our feet became so hardened that we did not mind rock or stone in the least. In one of these walks, between afternoon and evening prayers, we met a man who was going with a cow in a narrow road. I asked him the way. He answered, 'Keep your eye fixed on the cow, and do not lose sight of her till you come

to the issue of the road, when you will know your ground.' Khwajeh Asedulla, who was with me, enjoyed the joke, observing, 'What would become of us wise men were the cow to lose her way?'

Baber next sought refuge with his maternal uncles, the Moghul Khans (the youngest of whom came to visit the eldest, whom he had not seen for twenty-four years), during their nephew's stay with the latter, who, it must be owned, entertained him in his adversity meanly enough. The Moghul customs are remarkably illustrated in this part of the work. *Ex. gr.*

A Review:

"A short time afterwards, Tambol advanced against Uratippa. As soon as this information arrived, the Khan led out his army from Tashkend, and between Beshkent and Sam-seirek, having drawn it up in regular array, with right and left wings, he formed the Ivim (or circle). The Moghuls blew horns, according to their custom. The Khan having alighted, they brought nine horse-tail standards, and placed them by him. One Moghul stood by, holding in his hand an ox's shank-bone, to which he tied a long white cotton cloth. Another having fastened three long slips of white cloth beneath the horse-tail of the standard, passed them under the banner-staff of the ensigns. One corner of one of the cloths the Khan took, and, putting it beneath his feet, stood upon it. I stood on one corner of another of the long slips, which was in like manner tied under one of the horse-tail standards; while Sultan Muhammed Khanikah took the third, and, placing the cloth under his feet, in like manner stood on a corner of it. Then the Moghul that had tied on these cloths, taking the ox-shank in his hand, made a speech in the Moghul tongue, looking often to the standards, and pointing and making signs towards them. The Khan and all the men around took *hūmiz* in their hands, and sprinkled it towards the standards. All the trumpets and drums struck up at once, and the whole soldiers who were drawn up raised the war-shout. These ceremonies they repeated three times. After that, they leaped on horseback, raised the battle-shout, and put their horses to the speed. Among the Moghuls, the institutions established by Chengis Khan have continued to be strictly observed down to the present time. Every man has his appointed station; those appointed to the right wing, the left wing, or the centre, have their allotted places, which are handed down to them from father to son. Those of most trust and consequence are stationed on the extremities or flanks of the two wings. Among those who compose the right wing there is a dispute between the tribes of the Chirās and Begchik, which of them should occupy the extremity of the line. At this time, the chief of the tribe of Chirās was Kishkeh Mahmūd, a very brave young man. The chief of the tribe of Begchik, which is noted among the Tumāns, was Ayūb Yakūb. They had a dispute which of them was to occupy the flank, which came to such lengths, that swords were drawn. Finally, an apparently friendly compromise was made, that the one of them should stand highest at great hunting-matches, and that the other should occupy the flank when the army was in battle array. Next morning, the army forming the large hunting circle, they hunted in the vicinity of Sam-seirek."

The meeting of the various branches of the family is also an interesting picture of ancient manners. Baber, hearing of his junior uncle's approach, tells us: "not knowing precisely the time that the younger Khan would arrive,

I had ridden out carelessly to see the country, when all at once I found myself face to face with him. I immediately alighted and advanced to meet him; at the moment I dismounted, the Khan knew me, and was greatly disturbed; for he had intended to alight somewhere, and having seated himself, to receive and embrace me with great form and decorum: but I came too quick upon him, and dismounted so rapidly, that there was no time for ceremony; as, the moment I sprang from my horse, I kneeled down, and then embraced. He was a good deal agitated and disconcerted. At length he ordered Sultan Said Khan and Baba Khan Sultan to alight, kneel, and embrace me. Of the Khan's children, these two Sultans alone accompanied him, and might be of the age of thirteen or fourteen years. After embracing these two Sultans, I mounted, and we proceeded to join Shah Begum. The little Khan, my uncle, soon after met, and embraced Shah Begum and the other Khanums, after which, they sat down, and continued talking about past occurrences and old stories till after midnight. On the morrow, my uncle, the younger Khan, according to the custom of the Moghuls, presented me with a dress complete from head to foot, and one of his own horses, ready saddled. The dress consisted of a Moghul cap, embroidered with gold thread; a long frock of satin of Khitá, ornamented with flowered needle-work; a cuirass of Khitá of the old fashion, with a whetstone and a purse-pocket; from this purse-pocket were suspended three or four things like the trinkets which women wear at their necks, such as an *Abirdán*, (or box for holding perfumed earth), and its little bag. On the left hand, in like manner, three or four things dangled. From this place we returned towards Tashkend. My uncle, the elder Khan, came three or four farasangs out from Tashkend, and having erected an awning, seated himself under it. The younger Khan advanced straight up, and on coming near him in front, turned to the left of the elder Khan, fetching a circle round him, till he again presented himself in front, when he alighted; and when he came to the distance at which the *kornish* is performed, he knelt nine times, and then came up and embraced him. The elder Khan, immediately on the younger Khan's coming near, stood up and embraced him; they stood a long time, clasping each other in their arms. The younger Khan, while retiring, again knelt nine times, and when he presented his *peeshkesh* (or tributary offering), he again knelt many times; after which he went and sat down. All the younger Khan's men had dressed themselves out after the Moghul fashion. They had Moghul caps, frocks of Khitá satin, embroidered with flowers after the same fashion, quivers and saddles of green shagreen, and Moghul horses dressed up and adorned in a singular style. The younger Khan came with but few followers; they might be more than one thousand, and less than two. He was a man of singular manners. He was a stout, courageous man, and powerful with the sabre, and of all his weapons he relied most on it. He used to say that the *sheshper* (or mace with six divisions), the rugged mace, the javelin, the battle-axe, or broad axe, if they hit, could only be relied on for a single blow. His trusty keen sword he never allowed to be away from him; it was always either at his waist, or in his hand. As he had been educated and had grown up in a remote and out of the way country, he had something of rudeness in his manner, and of harshness in his speech."

His surgeon, who attended our historian

when wounded, is a yet more singular personage.

"He was wonderfully skilful in surgery. If a man's brains had come out, he could cure him by medicine; and even where the arteries were cut, he healed them with the utmost facility. To some wounds he applied a kind of plaster; and to some wounded persons he gave a medicine to be swallowed. To the wound in my thigh he applied the skin of some fruits which he had prepared and dried, and did not insert a seton. He also once gave me something like a vein to eat, and said, 'A man had once the bone of his leg broken in such a manner, that a part of the bone, of the size of the hand, was completely shattered to pieces. I cut open the integuments, extracted the whole of the shattered bones, and inserted in their place a pulverised preparation; the preparation grew in the place of the bone, and became bone itself, and the leg was perfectly cured.' He told me many similar strange and wonderful stories of cures, such as the surgeons of our countries are totally unable to accomplish."

We doubt much if the ablest surgeons even in France or England at this day could vie with this absolutely clever Moghul: but here we must stop for the present, without instituting the comparison.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Ontalissi, a Tale of Dutch Guiana. 12mo. J. Hatchard and Son. London, 1827.

POWER is a dangerous weapon to most of the human race, and that it has been most fearfully ill-used, no one can name the slave-trade and deny: but we much doubt whether a bad novel be a very able auxiliary in the cause of humanity. We do ample justice to the feelings which dictated these pages; but in a literary point of view, we have nothing to say in their favour.

Field Flowers. By the Author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c. Lupton Relfe, and T. and G. Underwood. London.

WE are often at a loss for criticism on volumes like this; severe censure is indeed tearing a summer leaf to pieces. We wish to give as general a view of present literature as possible, and omission is contrary to our plan; of our present little volume we will therefore only say, it has a pretty title and several pretty though short effusions. Indeed, it is superior to nineteen out of twenty similar publications, and has some really sweet compositions, though perhaps we would not have advised their appearance in form as a Book.

The War of the Isles; a Poem in Ten Cantos. By G. Longmore, Esq. 8vo. pp. 314. London, 1826, Cadell; Edinburgh, W. Blackwood.

If considerable talent, evident industry, and much observation, can render a work creditable to its author, this poem will be so: still we question the reputation of any of these extending far; for we much doubt their popularity. There is no interesting narrative to carry on the general reader, no overpowering genius to arrest the attention of the more discerning. It would take even more than a second Byron to give success to an imitation of Childe Harold.

PAMPHLETS.

An Appeal to Justice and Common Sense, &c. A SLIGHT pamphlet, of 22 pages, published by C. Harris, on the difference of treatment experienced by Miss Foote and Mr. Kean, which offers no very novel propositions for our con-

sideration. Altogether omitting the gravamen of Kean's extra-dramatic outrage upon public feeling, (namely his two contemporaneous letters to his friend and his friend's wife, which elevate the character of Joseph Surface into a sort of moral propriety), the writer argues that his hero was as much entitled to a favourable reception on the stage as his frail fellow-actor. Comparisons are odious; but the question does not merit reviving. Our opinions on both cases were recorded at the time they occupied attention; and there were points, certainly, in the female affair to excite compassion, which did not exist on the side of Mr. Kean. The offence common to both was this,—the moment they gained an infamous notoriety, they considered it a good *ruse* to turn the curiosity thus raised about them into profit. Kean rushed from the Court of Law, where he had been so severely exposed, into the Theatre; and for thus braving public opinion, instead of appearing, for ever so short a term, to be ashamed of his impure exhibition, he met with the reception he deserved, and was hooted from his impudent station. It was a just and necessary lesson; and we wish its spirit were imitated in every other similar instance. On the contrary, Miss Foote's return to her profession was a triumph! From being a pretty, indifferent, and modest actress, she at once became a first-rate, best-paid, and not modest actress. This was a gross inconsistency, though the re-action of a not bad feeling; and was calculated to do the stage infinitely greater injury than a hundred such outrages as were perpetrated by Kean. The title of the old comedy was reversed by it, and instead of "It's a pity she's a" . . . so and so; it gave the highest encouragement to every female performer to follow her rewarded example. The effects are visible at this moment. Our theatres do not stand nearly so well as regards the moral reputations of the actresses, as they did a few years ago. And though we are sometimes told (and subscribe, to a certain extent, to the doctrine), that the public have nothing to do with the private lives of actors,—we will never concede, that when persons connected with the amusements of the people render themselves basely and dishonourably conspicuous for crime, they are as eligible as better men to support the national drama. We cannot believe the assertion, that a company principally composed of harlots and debauchees (and what has been done or is asked for these individuals must go far, as it has done, towards making our London companies of this description) is competent to do justice to the nobler passions of the Tragic Muse, and still less to inculcate the moral lessons which the best lovers of the drama claim to be its peculiar and energetic province, where the pulpit and the author fail. It is a foolish perversion, and, in the main, destructive of dramatic power altogether, to maintain this anomalous, as well as socially dangerous ground. There is not a young debutante now brought out, who has not been taught and tempted, by the pattern of Miss Foote, to turn courtesan; and there is not an actor on the stage, who, without the penalty inflicted on Mr. Kean, would not equally have had the public voice in his behalf if he turned shamelessly reprobate. Perhaps the latter may have suffered enough for this outrage upon decency; and his conduct since re-appearing last week inclines us to hope it has amended him so as to prevent any bold bravadoes in time to come. In this hope we say nothing of the paltry tricks and quackery of leaves-taking for ever (a for-ever of some three weeks!); of eternal farewells when departing for a distant

land (at the same hour not intending to depart if an engagement could be made at home, or, at all events; to return as soon as possible); of being dead, or mad, or made a Savage of somewhere in America (while perchance enjoying London, its beef-steaks, porter, &c. &c. with an appetite provoked by the voyage across the Atlantic);—these buffoon expedients, and other irregularities belonging to his professional career, must be abandoned by Mr. Kean, if he desires to hold a distinguished place in the drama; since he must be sensible even now, that he ought to recover as much as he can of reputation, in order that the theatre may not, when he plays, have to regret the absence of its greatest ornaments and supporters—a fair proportion of the female sex.

Letter on the Affairs of Portugal, published by E. Wilson: sixteen pages as a letter, signed by "A Dog:" and a miserable dog he seems to be; for he contends that Dom Miguel should be King of Portugal *de jure*, and that jesuitism, the inquisition, and despotism, are infinitely better than a free constitution.

An Exposition of Fallacies, &c. pp. 64. Hatchard: is an essay by T. Perronet Thompson, of Queen's College, Cambridge, originally intended as a Review in the Quarterly. It is a very logical and able performance, which strikes down many fallacies broached by Ricardo and Mills; and does especial service by demolishing the worthless scribbles of the Westminster Review, &c., who have openly dared to inculcate a practice more detestable than infanticide, to reconcile their theory of keeping the population within the measure of the supply of food. We always think it the only pity, that such premature calculating bloodhounds were not the victims of the infernal processes they recommend;—but were unfortunately born to consume the bread of more human beings.*

The Use of the Chlorate of Soda, by A. G. Labarraque, pp. 36, translated by James Scott, Surgeon, and published by J. Scott and Glendinning, and S. Highley. A valuable and useful publication, in which a multitude of experiments and cases are detailed, shewing how efficaciously the chlorates of soda and lime may be employed in preventing contagion, and purifying tainted atmospheres. The proofs cited are very striking; and wherever foul drains or pits are to be examined, long-buried corpses disinterred, mephitic vapours encountered, &c. &c. this pamphlet deserves the most earnest consideration.

The Providential Agency of God, a Sermon by the Rev. E. Edwards; Marsden, Yorkshire (Manchester, Sowler; London, Longman and Co., &c. &c.); an excellent sermon, the proceeds of which are for an excellent purpose—the support of the Rev. Author's Parish Sunday School.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.—Mort.

WHILE we glory in the "march of intellect" which characterises the present period of the world, and proudly exult in the downfall of barbarism, ignorance, and superstition; in the elevation of the peasant and the labourer to the

rank of rational beings; and the progression of the higher orders of society towards perfection in mental acquirements;—we cannot avoid being astonished that so little effort is made to preserve health, that state of our corporeal frame which alone fits us to enjoy the independence of wealth, the splendour of rank, the gratification of command, and the power of knowledge. We observe man struggling to obtain these possessions; suffering willingly fatigue and toil, anxiety and care, privations and hardships; and, without repining, submitting to press a restless pillow, in the hope of an imaginary enjoyment from the acquirement; but, nevertheless, forgetting that the very means by which the object of his desire is to be attained, undermine his constitution, and render him unable to enjoy the possession, were it actually within his grasp. It is true, that the light which has beamed upon us has shed its rays also upon the art of healing, in common with every other branch of knowledge; that disease is more easily detected, better understood, and more effectually cured, than it ever was; but it is not less true, that diseases are as numerous, and of as frequent occurrence, as they ever were; and that the means of preventing their approach are equally despised by the patient and neglected by the physician.

We have been led into this train of reflection by observing the effects of the holidays which have just terminated, upon those around us, of every age and rank and condition: and although we have assisted in draining the wassail bowl, in allowing the dawn to blush upon our social hilarity, and the mid-day sun to unseal our compressed eyelids; yet we cannot conceal from ourselves the folly of the chase of pleasures which tend to shorten that life which they are designed to cherish, or to crowd its closing hours with a countless train of pains, misery, and remorse. But merely to reflect upon an evil, and to moralise upon its consequences, without endeavouring to avert them, is both an idle and an ungracious occupation; we have, therefore, determined to lay before our readers a Series of Essays on the influence of diet, exercise, education, and society, upon health; and to point out what we conceive to be injurious in each of these, in the different stages of life, infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. In performing this task, we are not sanguine enough to anticipate from our labours a reformation in the habits of mankind; for as well might we attempt to change the hue of the Ethiopian; but we shall enjoy the gratification of having performed a duty, and of holding up the mirror of truth, so as to display Folly in all her nakedness and deformity.

As we are anxious not to be misunderstood, and are aware that there are individuals who derive a malevolent gratification from throwing a false colouring over the motives, however rational and unpresuming, of any one who attempts to rectify abuses, we beg that our readers will not suppose that we belong to those enthusiasts who worship nature in her wildest and most deformed state, who compare the habits of civilised man with those of the human savage, and see no perfection in any of the customs of life which do not approach to those of that period of primeval felicity, when men were only

— "richer in the skins they wore,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store."

We have no design to reduce the species again to so low a degree; on the contrary, we can neither forget the artificial character into which the advancement of civilisation and the

progress of society have necessarily moulded man, nor have we any wish to deprive him of those sympathies which the refinements of education have implanted in his bosom. We would even acquiesce in the propriety of the man of fortune, who spends half of the day on horseback, drinking his bottle of Champagne or of hock, provided the repast of which it forms a part were enjoyed at an earlier hour; and could look, without a shake of the head, upon the evening party of the woman of fashion, in the height of the season, if it be not crowded to suffocation, and the last coach is announced before midnight. Neither do we hope to be regarded as belonging to that class of ascetics, whose acerbity has curdled the few drops of the milk of human kindness with which Providence had endowed them, and who delight in finding fault with every thing, without knowing why or wherefore. We are mortals; and every thing connected with mortality interests us. If we attack errors which are entrenched behind long-established custom, it shall not be until we have given a fair summons of surrender, and proved the necessity for their dislodgement.

Such is the nature of the Series of Essays which we presume to offer to the public through the medium of this Journal; and as they will require more space, and comprehend a greater variety of discussion, than the usual extemporaneous matter of our Reports, we propose to print one of them every fortnight, until the subject be exhausted. To preserve, however, the consistency of the matter of these Reports with their name, the alternate Report shall contain also a sketch of the diseases which have prevailed during the month; a portion of our duty which we fear some of our readers consider to have been too long delayed, and which we therefore hasten to perform.

Notwithstanding the variable state of the weather during the last month, disease has not ceased the mortality which we generally find prevailing at the commencement of winter, in the metropolis. The remittent and typhoid fevers which have ravaged many districts in the midland and western counties, have been rare in London; and, with the exception of a few acute inflammatory attacks, rheumatism is the disease with which the physician has chiefly had to grapple. It has been successfully attacked with calomel, tartar emetic, and opium, in full doses, at bed-time, for two or three successive nights, following the bolus with a brisk cathartic draught, containing a drachm of the wine of colchicum in the morning; and as soon as an intermission is fully formed, administering the sulphate of quinia, in doses of two or three grains, every third or fourth hour. But as we have no intention to introduce or encourage quackery amongst our readers, we advise them to depend on their medical friends for the application of these means. Several cases of sudden death have been caused by inflammation of the bowels; and the profession as well as the public have deeply to regret the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, Dr. Mason Good, by an inflammatory attack brought on by exposure to cold. The variations of temperature cannot be too much guarded against at this season of the year; for it is a well-known fact, that the majority of diseases, those at least which are termed functional, are excited by atmospherical changes acting upon the surface. On the other hand, we are far from recommending too much care, or that luxurious indulgence which is vulgarly termed "coiling;"—nothing is more injurious to health; for luxury, to use the language of our great moralist, is sure "to

* These pestilent wretches, by disseminating low-priced pamphlets and even handbills, have been inciting the ignorant to a crime, which, if the unhappy mother should die, as is very likely, is a capital felony!!

betray her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshippers."

19th January, 1827.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER, AND KALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

THE influence of the weather, both on the operations and products of agriculture, is so great, that any person conversant with the art as practised in this country, may form a tolerably accurate guess of what is going on in the fields in the country, from what is going on in the atmosphere about London. No autumn could have been more favourable for country labour and the growth of plants, than that which is just past; accordingly we find "a vast breadth of wheat and winter-tares sown; the early-sown wheat is equal to any thing ever witnessed for luxuriance and stoutness; much of the forward wheats fed down by the sheep. The great plenty of green food has economised the hay and straw, and prevented an inordinate rise of price." But as the great drought of summer prevented the rising of turnip-seeds till the beginning of autumn, "his crop, as well might be expected, has produced little else but green tops," but these in great abundance. It is easy, having the data of scanty crops of straw and hay, and turnips all tops, to foresee, that "should the winter prove severe, it will be one of the most difficult and expensive." Such a summer as the last, is calculated to bring into notice the value of Mangold, (which our contemporary reporters persist in spelling mangel), or field beet, because the seeds of this plant, requiring to be sown a month earlier than those of the turnip, rise before the drought has exercised its full influence on the soil. Heavy crops of grass, too late in the autumn for making hay, remind the reading agriculturist of the judicious plan of Mr. Lawrence, of mixing such grass with dry straw, and forming it into ricks for winter use: accordingly, Mr. Lawrence's plan is now resorted to. If the green herbage be chiefly clover, and if a little salt be strewn over each layer of the green material, the result will be, a tolerable fodder; "but autumn crops of grasses used in this way, unless the weather be very favourable for drying them, lie so compact, as to become mouldy;" which clover and tares do only in a slight degree. It is easy to conjecture, that under all the circumstances of the past year, "winter tillage" must be in a "forward state;" and "the price of store cattle moderate." Thus, you see, Mr. Editor, how well theory, and what actually happens, go hand in hand in making up our Reports, which, dull as they are, you still seem to think worth a place in your "valuable columns."

However, though we cannot be entertaining, yet, as we hope to be useful, we shall conclude by recommending to your practical readers a pamphlet on the Use of Salt as a Manure, by W. Collins, Esq.; published in Exeter. It has gone rapidly through four editions, and is, in style and price (one shilling), well adapted for conveying information to the practical farmer. The object is to shew cultivators "how they may avoid their heavy lime bills;" the means is by sowing their lands with salt in any quantity not exceeding thirteen or fourteen bushels per acre; and the end is, "to convert the dead vegetable exuvies so abundantly existing in or on almost all soils, into that state of decomposition in which they most readily become the pabulum or food of their living successors." (p. 7.) Particular care must be taken not to exceed fourteen or fifteen bushels per acre; for Mr. Collins, who has tried it on

most field crops, and on grass lands, found that fourteen bushels to the acre had the maximum of benefit; "and that its fertilising effects appeared to diminish after using twenty bushels, on to forty, which quantity proved destructive both to grain and grass," (p. 23). Hence, it is recommended in the Farmer's Journal for destroying thistles. Mr. C. has written on the use of salt in horticulture, in the Gardener's Magazine, (Vol. I.); and some valuable information on its use in growing different exotics, has been given by Mr. G. W. Johnson, of Great Totham, Essex, in the January Number of the same work.

FINE ARTS.

FRESCO PAINTINGS, BY PAUL VERONESE.

So long ago as the 31st of December, 1825, in our No. 467, we gave a detailed account of some Fresco paintings by Paul Veronese, works belonging to the highest class of art, which (detached from the walls of the Palace alla Soranza by a curious process, and transferred to canvass) had been safely brought to England by M. Vendramini, the eminent engraver, at Brompton. We described the mode of performing this remarkable operation, so essential to the preservation of the noblest productions of the greatest masters, otherwise passing rapidly, through decay, into oblivion; and we congratulated the country on the discovery and practice of a mode which could make the chief ornaments of Italy familiar to us at home. Referring our readers to the *Gazette* alluded to, we have now farther to state, that the remainder of this magnificent collection have also arrived, and been deposited with the former gratifying importation. The whole subjects now in M. Vendramini's possession thus amount to forty; and we do not hesitate to express our opinion, that such an addition to our school of art (such a school of art in themselves) has rarely been brought to the metropolis of any people, however rich, however powerful, or however anxious to adorn their capital with the best specimens in the world. "None but children (said Michael Angelo) should paint on canvass; men should paint a fresco only;" and when we look upon the finest of these performances, consider their extraordinary beauties, their grand draperies, the free, commanding, and natural attitudes of the figures, the purity of colour, the ease and grace of outline, the force and simplicity of expression, the breadth, the keeping, the taste of the accessories; and, in short, in almost every part, some happy perfection of art, we are strongly inclined to subscribe to the axiom of the "noblest Roman of them all." If we speak of these paintings with enthusiasm, it is because it is impossible to see them without feeling, not only that Paul Veronese was a greater painter than is generally known in England; but also that his art is a more elevated and elevating art, and competent to produce nobler emotions, than easel pictures, of the most elaborate finish, can impress upon the mind. We have bowed to the highest efforts of oil-painting, in their golden frames, and endowed with all that can be conceived of charm and exquisite sentiment; but we never felt from them, that painting possessed such a magic and creative power, as in gazing upon the chef-d'œuvres among these frescos. The additions recently made are—

Eight fine busts in imitation of bronze.

A Venus and Cupid drawn in a car through the clouds: a most graceful composition, and, though only a sketch, the act of descending is admirably expressed.

The figures of Innocence and Vice: a very elegant

composition. The head of Innocence, a perfect model for study.

The Battle of the Standard: a spirited and well-composed subject, of the first order. The onslaught is fierce, and the horses and their riders superbly depicted.

A companion to the above, with landscape.

Two large pictures, representing Two Nymphs resting on festoons of fruit; one of these is in the highest state of preservation, and is most beautifully executed: the leaves and fruit are done in the most masterly manner.

A Sketch of a Sacrifice in chiaro-scuro; so extremely interesting, that the spectator is mortified beyond measure at its faintness in the upper parts.

Two pictures, each representing a Cupid playing with festoons: two most beautiful specimens of colouring and grace.

Upon the whole, we can only repeat our admiration of this matchless collection, which it would fill us with sincere regret to believe any difficulties of the times could prevent from becoming national property. We speak within bounds, when we express our conviction, that many hundred of the most various and exalted studies of almost every kind, and such as are not elsewhere to be found in Britain, are presented to the eye of the youthful artist, in these forty splendid compositions.

THE APOSTLES.

IN our *Gazette* Varieties of November 18th, we noticed, on the authority of "An Anonymous Correspondent," the purchase of six pictures of the Apostles, for a very small sum, at an auction in Greek Street; for which the writer assured us, now that they were cleaned and their value ascertained, 15,000 guineas were demanded! We were, we confess, startled to hear of such a sum for six heads; and though we inserted the paragraph, we mentioned its origin, accordingly. We have, since, seen these pictures several times, and have no reason to regret the mode we took of mentioning them to our readers; for, allowing them to possess very considerable merit, the gross exaggeration of our correspondent's estimate is extremely palpable. It seems to have been intended not so much as a puff for these productions, but as a general inducement to purchasers to fool away their money on dark and disguised pieces of canvass at sales, in the hope of meeting with such prizes as the lottery used to afford, and with about as much chance of success. With regard to the paintings in question, which are now deposited by their owner, Mr. Harwood, in the Egyptian Hall, and to be seen by private cards, we consider them to be the genuine and able works of an ancient master. Whose they are, appears to be a problem with connoisseurs; one says *Zarbaran* (a follower of Caravaggio, who flourished in Madrid at the beginning of the seventeenth century); another thinks *Juanes*, who painted with still higher *eclat* nearly a century earlier, in Valencia, where many of his performances still remain; and, though perhaps it might be more readily refuted from our better acquaintance with the artist, we see no reason why a name better known than either in England, that of Spagnoletto, might not be brought forward to swell the list of guesses. But, be the artist who he may, the subjects are in a high, though not in the highest style; and of some worth, though (in our opinion) nothing like the worth ascribed to them. Even were they by a known painter of acknowledged rank, it would be absurd to consider them of any extraordinary value; and they cannot acquire more from the accidents of being nameless and fortunately recovered from obscurity. We reckon them to be each about equal in market price to what a head by Spagnoletto would bring. They are much in his manner; especially the St. Bartholomew, the finest of the six, in which there is great breadth and great vigour.

The St. John differs from all the rest, and was probably an experiment in imitation of some other hand than that which the painter had taken for his usual model. They are, generally, richly coloured, and in a vigorous style; the shadows bold, but not black, and the expression varied and masculine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Drawn by A. Wivell; engraved by A. Cochran. London, 1827. W. Sams.

THESE children of the Duke of Cambridge, the first about eight, and the last between four and five years of age, are, from their relationship to the crown, of sufficient interest to the public to vindicate this choice of them for picture. The boy bears considerable resemblance to the royal family: the features of the girl are broader, and more decidedly German. She is listening to a shell; and the group is prettily fancied.

Thomas Campbell, Esq. Painted by Lonsdale; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. W. Sams.

WE have not seen a more striking likeness of the distinguished Poet than is here traced from the strong and characteristic pencil of Lonsdale. He is seated in a musing attitude, with paper before him and a pen in his hand, as we might suppose him imagining one of those noble thoughts which will immortalise his name. The expression is placid as if the idea had been successfully clothed in words that burn, and we almost expect the author to turn round and commit it to writing. Upon the whole, we are highly gratified with this memorial of our eminent contemporary, which will be valued by all the admirers of his so justly popular Muse.

Rear Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, Bart. M.P. From a Painting by Sir W. Beechey; engraved by Th. Hodgetts. W. Sams.

WITH the features of this gallant officer we are not acquainted; and can only say that the head is marked and good. The engraving appears to us to be too black in nearly all the subordinate parts.

H. R. H. the late Duke of York.

AMONG the tributes which the arts have offered to the memory of this illustrious individual, we have to notice a medallion likeness in coloured wax, sent to us, with the name of Thompson upon it. It is in profile, on a blue ground, in a deep black frame, and bears a strong resemblance to H. R. H. when in the prime of life: it reminds us, indeed, of Nollekens' fine bust, taken (if we remember rightly) some thirty years ago. It may well be placed among the other recollections of the deceased, which are preserved by public and private attachment.

Voyage Pittoresque et Militaire en Espagne. Par M. C. Langlois, &c. Engelmann and Co.

THE third livraison of this clever lithographic publication has issued, in regular course, from the press, and consists of Views in Catalonia. The March upon Vich is one of the most spirited and best executed specimens we have yet seen, and affords a complete idea of a warlike attack. The Vue de la Vallée de la Eluvia à Castelfollet, with Guerrilla prisoners, impresses the mind with the painful anticipation of one of those atrocities so frequent in this sanguinary struggle; and, therefore, though perhaps

true to character, we dislike the print: and the Vue de Bezalu is still more displeasing to us, as it displays the consummation of such an act, and the brave defenders of their native land slaughtered on its soil. The Combat de San Privat de Malol is the fourth of the series; and of all of them we may repeat, that they are very cleverly drawn, and ably transferred to the stone. It is a good sign of a production like this, to notice that its last No. surpasses its precursors; which is the case.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SCOTS SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

HAME frae the wars, broken, frien'less, and poor—

Hame frae the wars to my Scotland I came; I saw my dear cabin just over the lang muir, I stood i' the gate, but I found not a hame.

Oh! 'twas desolate a'—an' the smile o' my dearie

No longer shone there, darting love through the breast;

Nae bosom o' truth for the wounded an' wearie, Nae lips of affection to sweeten my rest.

No; my wife an' my wean i' the cauld grave are sleeping,

And thou, O my Scotland! art hameless to me;

The heart o' my love brak wi' waiting an' weeping,

Ance sae warm, now 'tis chill—Oh! as mine soon maun be!

Then I'll e'en lay me down by my hearth-stane deserted,

And dream o' my dear i' the land o' the leal; Death, death will befriend the forlorn broken-hearted,

And heal the deep wound that time ne'er can heal.

SONG.

IN early youth, when hope was high,

Gaily I sang of love and truth;

But those sweet hours are all gone by,

Gone the dear dreams of early youth.

O that such dazzling dreams should fade!

How happy would life's journey prove,

Were friendship's bosom ne'er betray'd,

Nor wounded e'er the heart of love!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

NO. VII.—REGINALDUS.

SOMERLED, King of the Isles, Lord of Argyll and Kintyre, having fallen by the hand of an assassin at Renfrew, his army dispersed, and returned home without a battle. His eldest son, sometimes called Donald, and at other times Reginald, in the numerous traditions referring to him, was, at that time, engaged in suppressing an insurrection in the northern extremity of his extensive territories. He left that enterprise unfinished, and hastily repaired to Kintyre to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of his brave and illustrious father, who was buried in Iona with extraordinary pomp.

Somerled had bequeathed to his son Reginald the kingdom of the Isles, with the lordship of Argyll and Kintyre; and to his son Dugald he assigned the extensive districts of Lorne, Morven, and Ardnamurchan. The two brothers certainly succeeded peaceably to these lands; a circumstance which proves that the army of Somerled had not been vanquished at Renfrew, as the Scottish historians assert. Somerled

was unquestionably a man of very superior talents, both as a warrior and statesman. He was the son of Gilbridius or Gilbert, Thane of Kintyre; and in those turbulent times the father and son appear to have undergone many vicissitudes of fortune.

In consequence of some calamitous events, the particulars of which are now lost, Somerled and his aged sire were once forced to take refuge in a cavern on the eastern shore of Morven, at this day distinguished by his name. The son daily went to a river in the neighbourhood to angle for salmon, on which they depended for food. The natives were struck with the noble aspect and the manly and athletic figure of the stranger, and concluded that he was a person of superior rank, though they could not ascertain his name. They were at that time harassed by the tyranny of the Danes, who had then possession of the country, and they determined on applying to Somerled for aid and advice. He appeared with his fishing-rod as usual, and a party of the inhabitants communicated to him their sentiments, offering to place themselves under his command, and submit entirely to his authority. He listened to their proposal, and said that, provided he hooked a fish by the first cast of the line, he would assent to their offer. Being successful, he ordered the people to prepare for battle early on the following morning, directing each of them to furnish himself with the raw skin of an animal.

Somerled made choice of ground favourable for his purpose, having a round hill in his front; and wishing to impress the enemy with a high opinion of his force, he made his people first march about in their ordinary dress, then with their coats off, and a third time with the skins around them, and the bloody side out. The stratagem succeeded. The Danes, terrified by the formidable number of their opponents, betook themselves to flight; and having given to his father the command of the main body, Somerled pursued them with a chosen band, whose intimate knowledge of the country enabled them to intercept the enemy in a narrow pass, still pointed out by the natives. Here Somerled encountered them, and, with his own hand, slew their leader. Very few of them escaped; and the cairns which cover their graves are yet visible. Tradition asserts that Somerled immediately took possession of the castle of Kinlochaline; and that his descendants retained this district for several centuries thereafter is well known.

On the death of Somerled, his son Reginald became King of the Isles, and never, at any period of his life, acknowledged allegiance to the kings of Scotland. He soon quelled the insurrection in the north, which was unhappily created by his own younger brother Angus, who, with his three sons, fell in battle: thus Reginald and Dugald, Lord of Lorne, inherited the whole dominions acquired by Somerled.

Reginald was frequently induced to interfere in the broils which then distracted Ireland, a country that has been a prey to fends and factions longer perhaps than any other in Europe. He more than once effected a reconciliation among the petty princes; but no sooner had he withdrawn his forces than their ancient discord again prevailed. His daughter married Allan, Earl of Galloway, the most powerful subject in Scotland; and he obtained some lands in Galloway, for which he swore fealty to John, King of England, having entered into a treaty, of which a copy is still extant, and begins as follows:—"Omnibus

Christi fidelibus, presentem cartam inspecturis, Reginaldus Rex Insularum salutem. Sciatis quod divini Domini Regis Angliæ Joannis contra omnes mortales quamdiu vixeret et inde ei fidelitatem prestiti." From Donald, King of the Isles and eldest son of Reginald, it is well ascertained that the great clan of Macdonald have derived their descent and their name.

DRAMA.

The King's Theatre; Foreign Artists, &c.
(Concluded from Number 520.)

Orders.—From orders arises one of the most injurious evils in the system of the King's Theatre. What would be said of a person, who, having bought at an extravagant rate (conceiving it to be real) a counterfeit diamond, proceeded immediately to give dinners to every body to admire and praise it? While the dinners lasted, he would find flatterers to chime in with him; but the moment his back was turned, they would laugh at his egregious folly; and all that he would derive from his enthusiasm for a false jewel, would be ridicule and the loss of his money. This, however, is exactly what happens to the director of a theatre who has become the prey of the artificers of a juggler. Such a one begins by persuading the director (according to the example of M. Val.....) that "he and four puppets" are sufficient; that, as a consequence of that principle, he ought to be the only person well paid, the only one heard, the only one applauded. But here is the *pons asinorum*. The director may easily pay; nobody can prevent him; but to procure applause,—that is another affair. Nevertheless it is tried. "Come, let us issue plenty of orders. Flock together, bespoken clappers; the *spectacle* is gratis. Above all, clap eternally; clap, right or wrong; clap the sustained notes, clap the drawing notes, clap the disjointed notes, clap the thin notes, clap the gruff notes: even when the notes are quite out of tune, no matter, clap away; the ignorant public must be compelled to think that very fine which is above their comprehension." "Yes; but the treasury?" "True, that does not fill; *c'est égal*; next time, instead of two hundred orders, we will give three hundred, and more, if necessary; until the stunned public renders justice to a new talent, to sublime talent." The season, however, is slipping away; the public does not render this justice, and the treasury remains empty. "There is still time, let us parry the stroke," says the director to himself; "cost what it may, let us engage the best female singer." The idol of the public, the singer, perceiving that they cannot do without her, demands a great deal of money. That is assured to her at the banker's; and she fills the house without orders. The director then begins to bite his nails. He is sensible to the quick that he has been the dupe of the juggler; he regrets having thrown away his money; he regrets not having engaged the valuable singer from the commencement of the season,—the more so, as he might have had her for the same sum that he is obliged to give her for half of it. He sees, in fact, that a juggler is always a juggler; and that genuine talent is always honest, and without artifice. He wishes—but it is too late!

The instance which I have just cited may serve as a specimen of the instances which I have not cited. In one word, I cannot conceive any thing so foolish as to pay an actor or an actress largely, and at the same time to

countenance the issuing, directly or indirectly, of orders, for the purpose of forcing applause. Besides that the undertaking must of necessity become the dupe of this abuse, the public also is grossly deceived by it; and, above all, people who pay, and who like to go to the theatre at half-past nine o'clock, find no unengaged place in the pit, which is already encumbered by the bespoken clappers. The payers are obliged to stand, pressed upon and elbowed by the crowd, and heartily provoked at their situation. The *Protagoniste* appears. Instantly two hundred bespoken clappers burst forth, without rhyme or reason, splitting the ears of the honest payers, insulting their opinions and tastes, and proving to the clear-sighted how imbecility itself may be cried up. Strange contradiction, which ought not to be quietly tolerated in a polished country! A director who has common sense ought therefore rigorously to proscribe the system of orders. But as it is impossible entirely to deprive artists of the pleasure of obliging their most intimate friends, it would be well to establish the following regulations:—

	Orders to the Pit.	Orders to the Gallery.
First female singer, <i>seria</i>	4	6
First female singer, <i>buffa</i>	3	4
Contralto	3	4
Prima Seconda Donna	2	2
Seconda Donna	2	2
First female Chorus-Singer	0	2
Primo Tenore <i>serio</i>	3	5
Primo Tenore <i>Mezzo caratere</i>	3	5
Secondo Tenore	2	4
Baritono	2	2
Primo Basso Cantante	3	5
Primo Basso Comico	3	5
First male Chorus-Singer	0	2

Total every evening..... 30 50

1. The principal male performers to be allowed to dispose of one box, on relinquishing their pit orders.
2. The principal female performers to be allowed to dispose of one box, on Tuesdays only; retaining their orders.
3. Circumstances, and the discretion of the manager, to regulate the exchange, on the part of the other performers, of orders, for boxes.
4. The boxes in the first three tiers never to be placed at the disposal of the artists.
5. The fathers, mothers, husbands, or wives of the actors and actresses, to have the right of admission, both behind the scenes and elsewhere.
6. The persons having these orders (which shall be distinguished by a particular form) to occupy only the seats which are placed from the door of the pit to the sixth row. For that purpose they will be furnished with a check, which they must shew to two persons charged with the execution of the rule. One hour after the rising of the curtain, this restriction to cease.

Ballet.—Although the principal object of my observations is to expose the abuses of the singing part of the Opera establishment, I cannot pass in silence the dancing, since it offers much matter for remark. The first thing that strikes one with reference to the ballet is, that the prevailing taste of the English people is not at all considered in it. Every one knows their predilection for grand spectacles, fairy subjects, brilliant decorations, striking effects. Every season, Covent Garden and Drury Lane enter into a competition in furnishing, for public curiosity, entertainments, improbable indeed, but gratifying to the sight. Why should the Italian theatre alone exhibit for the greater part only insipid rhapsodies? The cause may be found in the following details.

Decorations.—The decorations of the Opera will not allow of parsimony. A manager who grudges the money which decorations cost him, must be a bad manager. He is a farmer whose economy prevents him from sowing any seed, forgetting that he will reap no harvest.

Dresses.—One has only to cast a glance over the wardrobe at the Opera-house to have a good notion of chaos. Every thing is in confusion; heaped together pell-mell; in tatters; thrown about among the litter. Half

the robe of *Amenaide* torn off to make a turban; the doliman of a pasha reduced to a peasant's jacket. Is any particular costume suddenly necessary? Immediately they cut, they pare, they disfigure, even an entirely new dress, in order to save the manager's money. Soon after, however, an opera is performed which requires the identical costume that has thus been mal-treated; and the manager lays out thirty pounds, in consequence of his wish to save five! An able manager who established order in the wardrobe, would save several hundred pounds a year, and satisfy every body. In the meanwhile, it is easy to conceive to what a degree confusion and disgust prevail in this branch of the service.

The Treasury.—I have already observed, that the treasury ought to be as punctual and exact as the Bank. The director ought to specify in the engagements the fixed periods of payment; and on the evening before the day of payment, information of it ought to be posted up in the green-room. Without this, the King's Theatre will never do any good.

Rent of the House.—The rent is exorbitant. The house is not worth such a sum. If a good manager were to place himself at the head of the Opera, he should, above all, acknowledge only one proprietor; and not embarrass himself with the creditors of Mr. C. or Mr. W. With the intrigues connected with the possession or the recovery of the property, the manager should have nothing to do. He should be a stranger to the labyrinth. His duty should be to pay punctually one person only; and for that purpose I would fix the rent at 9,000*l.* sterling the season; to be paid in three equal portions, like the salaries of the performers.

Form of Management.—We have now arrived at the essential point. The Italian Theatre in London is the most discredited in Europe, because the persons who meddle with its management do not enjoy the slightest confidence, and indeed every moment give striking proofs of their unskilfulness, their love of low intrigue, and their bad faith. In several metropolitan cities, the Italian Opera is under the direction of the minister of the king's household; but since in England that would be impossible, it is absolutely necessary that some rich people of fashion should join, and shew their good taste by becoming the concealed soul of this establishment. Four of these gentlemen would be sufficient. Their employment would be honourable, inasmuch as they would appear only as protectors, although at bottom they would be the sole speculators. The benefit or advantage which they would derive, would consist in the gratuitous admission of themselves, their families, and their friends, to the performances. According to my calculations, they would not risk a farthing of their own; and, if the management should be well conducted, they would stand a chance of gaining three or four thousand pounds by the end of the season.

The committee formed, an ostensible director must be appointed, who, under such circumstances, would be only the man of business; to treat with the artists, regulate their engagements, make the payments, and represent the head of the management. His emoluments ought to be arranged in the following manner:—the committee should, at all events, assign to him the sum of five hundred pounds, for his personal maintenance; but in order to excite his self-love, his zeal, and his good conduct, he should be allowed a third of any profit which at the end of the season may appear to

have accrued. Should there be no profit, the director ought to have nothing but his salary; and ought to lose his office, unless he can show that the absence of profit was occasioned by circumstances unconnected with his management. This principle, and this strictness, are indispensable; to repress intriguers, and to encourage valuable and honourable men.

Qualities of the Director.—The director must be honest and enlightened, an excellent musician, a great connoisseur, just, strict, impartial, and polite and gentlemanly in his conduct to every body. He ought not to have any of his near connexions filling first-rate engagements at the Opera. Free and independent, himself interested in the welfare of the concern, he ought to act solely with a view to its prosperity. He ought to be the sworn enemy of cabals and intrigues. He ought to be deaf to the recommendation of my lord this, or my lady that. Guided by his own judgment, he ought to adopt the good, and to reject the bad. He ought to encourage talent wherever he may find it; and appreciate at its just value the rodomontade of quacks. Finally, the director of the Opera ought to possess a conciliatory spirit; to treat every body justly, not capriciously; and not to assume ridiculous airs of consequence; or give the committee any advice having a tendency to create prejudice or confusion. With such qualities, a director could not be deceived by any person. He would not have the weakness to lend himself to other intriguing directors, deficient in talent, still more deficient in honesty; who contaminate by their presence the temple of the Muses; who exist only in baseness and artifice; who dishonour and infect all they approach; and who will end by sending to the workhouse the unqualified and corrupt man who does not blush to confide to them the management of affairs.*

Such a director will employ only incorruptible persons, of unimpeached character. As soon as he perceives that any of those whom he employs puts the machinery of intrigue in motion, he will civilly dismiss him.

I will not speak of the number of the other persons engaged. That number must be in proportion to the real wants of the management, and to the personal merits of the individuals, not to the importunate applications of parties. One point is essential; namely, that at the piano of the Opera an Italian *maestro* ought invariably to sit. The native of no other nation should be allowed to approach it. An Italian *maestro* is indispensable to the Italian Opera; and he ought also to be well versed in theatrical composition.

Conclusion.—The management of the Opera, regulated on such bases, and upon such principles, ought to produce a certain profit of four or five thousand pounds. The thing is clear. Let us suppose that the annual revenue of the Italian Opera amounts to forty-five thousand pounds; the expenses, comprehending every thing, that is to say, the rent, the singers, the ballet, the choruses, the orchestra, the decorations, the lighting, the carpentry, the printing, the copying, the various persons employed, &c. will approach to thirty-nine or forty thousand; leaving a balance of four or five thousand pounds. To prove the probability of my assertion, it is well known that the existing manager expended, in the year 1826, in foolish speculations upon singers only, holding first-

rate engagements, the enormous sum of £7,100!!!!!! and that, with the exception of Madame Pasta's nights, the house was always empty, unless filled with bespoken clappers.

A well-known London journal lately stated, with a weak good-nature which made one smile with pity, that if the manager had not succeeded this year, it was not his fault; for that he had done every thing possible to organise a magnificent Opera. Poor people! Would they like to know what this great manager has really done to the present moment? He offered Porto half a season, which Porto nobly refused. In revenge, he engaged a Frenchwoman, who having had the effrontery to make a *débüt* in Italy, was forbidden to appear the day after. He neglected to fall on his knees and entreat M. Coccia to have the goodness to accept the piano and compose an opera, in order to give the same piano to a Frenchman, whom in the end he will dismiss, as he is wholly unaccustomed to Italian music. He appointed, as the chief director of Italian music, another Frenchman, despised (*conspuë*) by public opinion, intriguing, treacherous, worthy of figuring in a gambling-house, rather than of being placed at the head of a respectable establishment. He has deprived two useful men of bread; the one, the prompter and chorus-master; the other, excellent in his engagement as second tenor. He has treated in the same manner a respectable lady, who discharged her duties with zeal and ability. He has mutilated and frittered away the orchestra, the most important point in an opera. The great *factotum* of the concern has changed nearly seventeen performers in the orchestra in the present season; a thing at once barbarous and unskilful; for it is well known that the more an orchestra is composed of steady professors, who know one another, and co-operate, as it were, with one will, the better it is; and that the way never to obtain a perfect union is frequently to change the performers. To shew the wretched management which depresses the orchestra of the King's Theatre, it will be enough to state, that several excellent performers have left it to go and offer their services to the English theatres; whereas, until the present time, musicians began at the English theatres, and finished at the Italian Opera. Why is the Philharmonic orchestra the best in London? Because it never suffers any change. During the management of the rotten machine called the Opera (that is to say, during six years), there have been fifty changes in stringed instruments only, which is the greatest possible shame. The great ultramontane *factotum* has filled the orchestra, not with experienced professors, not even with the pupils of the academy (who, moreover, are not worth much), but with his own pupils, that is to say, with those who have had the good-nature to go through the course of his own school. He has also introduced a great many regimental musicians, who are no doubt very well on the parade; but to accompany an Italian opera!!! The great *factotum*, however, haggles about the shabby salary which he allows them; and here his intrigue comes into full play. There are among these musicians some who receive only thirteen shillings and sixpence an evening. The others are paid proportionably. Attempts are made to beat down to the last penny these unfortunate persons, who frequently have no other means of living; while no shame is felt at lavishing absurd sums on intriguers! That is the system of this phœnix of directors. All to the one, nothing

to the others. The choruses are also abominably treated. It is on that account that they are so bad. What is it supposed these unhappy people receive? One with another (men and women comprehended), five and twenty pounds for the season; being about eight shillings an evening; and for that sum they are obliged to quit their abodes, and to remain at the King's Theatre from nine o'clock in the morning to midnight! It is with them as with the musicians in the orchestra. The greater part, that is to say, the best, desist, and transfer their services to the English theatres. The same thing occurs with respect to the good *figurans* in the ballet. In short, if we minutely examine the deranged structure of the Italian Opera, such as it is at the present day, we shall be astonished to find a single subscriber with sufficient complaisance to spend his money on it. O Quacks! when will your reign end? When will the British public drive you with broomsticks out of their establishment, in which you cost them so dear?

I conclude by declaring that the present condition of the Italian Opera is disgraceful to the capital of Great Britain; but that, however perplexed the concern may appear, it would be very easy in a short time to bring it into a flourishing state. I have unveiled its vices; I have indicated the remedies. Four sound heads, wishing and determining well, would solve this problem admirably.*

VARIETIES.

A Show.—A fat Southdown Sheep, weighing 200lbs., has been transported from London to Paris, where Monsieur Mouton is made a show, like the learned pig, at the (inauspiciously named) *Rue des Boucheries*; which seems to promise a catastrophe to the neck of our country-sheep, and a greasy feast to the citizens of Paris, of the nature of which their long-legged wethers can have given them no idea.

The Lying in State.—Of this grand solemnity, in the view of which so many of the vast population of London have of necessity been disappointed, a drawing has, we understand, been made, under the immediate inspection of Mr. Hunt, which will forthwith be finely lithographed and published. Nothing more gratifying to popular feeling could be done.

Monument to the Memory of the Duke of York.—The *Courier* and *New Times* Newspapers have recommended the erection, by general subscription, of a National Monument to the memory of the late Commander-in-Chief, in patriotic and emphatic language. Of this design we most warmly approve: indeed, it is but putting into voice the unanimous wish of the country to propose its adoption. It is stated, that a public meeting will be summoned; that the competition of every British artist will be courted; and that a Committee, whose names must at first sight guarantee their independence, impartiality, and competency for the task of deciding which is the best model, will be chosen. This is the only true way to have what will be a suitable tribute to the dead and an everlasting honour to the Fine Arts and better feelings of the nation.

Sir H. Davy.—We are informed that the distinguished President of the Royal Society has been for some time, and continues to be, in a very bad state of health; inasmuch, that his

* Is it not a humiliating thing to men of talent, to see, at the very moment at which I am writing, two intriguing Frenchmen at the head of the musical department of the Italian Opera?

* The Editor in giving place to these rather biting remarks, throws them on public consideration as the opinions of an acute observer: being himself incompetent to the discussion.

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